

**SEE CLAYPOOL PLOT
AS BUT ONE OF MANY**

Prosecutor Finds Evidence of
Plans for Extensive Black-
mail in **Mrs. Hill's** Rooms.

FALSE AFFIDAVITS

Missing—Wants
Stocked
Liquors—

Newspaper
Article About
One of
Mrs. Margaret
Hill's
Exploits in Her
Plot to
Get Hold of
Governor
Bookwalter's
\$12,000,000
Estate.
—And—
Photograph
of the
Famous "Vamp"
Who Acted
as
"Convincer"
for
the Ablest
and
Most Successful
Gang of
Confidence
Operators
in
the World.



By Mrs. Margaret Hill

CHAPTER I.

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I HAVE lived in the Underworld—I have been one of the "vamps" in partnership with the cleverest, best organized gangs of skilled criminals in America.

But that chapter of my life has been concluded and is past. If the readers of this page knew what I know it would not be so easy for the wolves of the Underworld to trap their victims. I hope that what I reveal may be the means of saving some reader of this page from their clutches.

It is the woman partnership so recently established in the criminal world which throws the victim off his guard and baffles the police.

It is the woman partner of the great criminals of to-day who is the most dangerous to the public, for it is she and not her male confederates who set the snare.

The Underworld has its own set of business words and phrases. We do not call the woman who sets the trap a "vamp"; she is known as a "convincer."

I was a "convincer." My work sometimes required weeks and months to accomplish. It was hard, concentrated brain work.

I must not only dress the part of a lady, with all the manners and presence which belong to a person of wealth and social position, but I must have the winning charm which inspired confidence and respect. And after weeks of my preparatory efforts as "convincer" my partners were often able to do their part of the work and gather in the money we were angling for in a couple of hours.

I shall explain very fully how I worked—sometimes in fashionable hotels, sometimes at the more exclusive Winter and Summer resorts, often on the big ocean liners and frequently in a richly furnished mansion or French chateau which had been rented as a background for my labors. But wherever it was and whatever part I was playing, I must make no mistakes. A successful "convincer" must arouse no suspicions.

Who would suspect that the pretty girl in the upper berth of the Pullman sleeper, with a hot-water bottle across her stomach as the train passes the Canadian border, was bringing \$1,000 worth of forbidden drugs into the country? Of course, no customs officer runs his hand along under the sheets where that hot-water bag rests.

Who would suspect the demure little lady with the name of an aristocratic old Southern family and all the graces of a woman accustomed to cultured society, with apartments at a Fifth Avenue hotel, was the partner of professional criminals?

How could the family of wealthy St. Louisians at the big Poinciana at Palm Beach foresee that the charming woman they admired so much and really became very fond of—was planted in the hotel to cultivate their acquaintance and to lead them into the clutches of her confederates?

What would lead the passengers on an ocean liner to guess that the richly dressed lady, with her well-mannered maid, who occupied that expensive suite of staterooms de luxe, is a notorious confidence operator, with a police record—and is on board that ship to trap a rich Southern cotton magnate?

How could the prospective heiress to the \$12,000,000 estate of her uncle know that the agreeable young woman who had so very naturally won her confidence, was a designing siren who was scheming to strip her of the greater part of this fortune?

Well—they didn't know. My success, of course, depended on my skill in playing the part of "Vamp" so well that they did not suspect me.

If the very rich St. Louis family had doubted me, I could not have lured them to the gambling palaces at French Lick, where they were mercilessly fleeced.

If the wealthy cotton planter had remotely dreamed that the cultured lady he and his wife were fortunate enough to meet on shipboard was a professional adventuress, I would not have walked off that ocean liner with the plans completed which relieved him of just \$90,000 of his money a little later.

And so well did I play my part with Miss Claypool, the heiress, that she gave me a power of attorney, turning over all her property interests to me, and to this day does not realize that her trusted dear friend, Mrs. Margaret Hill, was an impostor, who would have robbed her if the courts had not awarded Governor Bookwalter's handsome fortune to other heirs.

We had failures—of course, our plans sometimes went wrong. The Claypool plot was not a success, but it was not due to any bungling on my part. We were playing for a stake of many millions, but the courts upset the plans.

Revelations by the Queen of

Margaret Hill, Famous "Vamp," Who
with the Aristocrats
Trapping Millionaire
London, Paris, and
Ocean Liners
How the Trap

**TWO INDICTED
FOR ATTACK
ON HEIRESS**

A. Sidney Rosenthal, of New York,
and **Margaret Hill** Accused as
Assailants of Miss Claypool

Bookwalter's Niece Declares She
Was Kidnapped—Swann Mak-
ing Investigation of the Mystery

Grand Jury of Essex County, N.
yesterday filed indictments for as-
sault against Alexander Sidney Rosen-
a lawyer, of No. 209 Broadway,
Mrs. Margaret Hill, of N.
Fifty-fourth street, New



Major Edward G. Pendleton, Who Was Swindled by the Famous Gondorfs
Out of \$55,000. This Photograph Was Taken at Palm Beach, and Shows
Also the Major's Friend, Jean H. E. Saint-Cyr, and the Latter's Dog.

All these various enterprises which have occupied several years of my busy life, I will relate in detail in later chapters.

I had no partnership nor acquaintance with the rough-neck criminal element. Violence had no part in our methods. We worked with our heads and brains. We met gentlemen and ladies on equal social terms—and our profits were more certain and bigger than those of the gangs who work with masks, pistols and burglars' tools.

The highwayman, the bank burglar and the house-breaker used to be the aristocracy of the Underworld. But their methods are rough and risky and their success uncertain. A refinement of method has crept into the criminal world, as I shall explain.

The "hold-up" gang who rush in and rob the store are crude operators—there is an easier way to get the money in the cash drawer.

The professional bank burglars, with all their skill and patient watching and planning, are clumsy and old-fashioned—a surer, safer way has been found to get the bundles of big bills in the bank vaults.

WHEN the Montreal night express came into the Grand Central Station in New York in the gray of the morning the other day, a pretty girl lay dead in her Pullman berth. She was a professional "Vamp."

When young John H. Reid drove up to a handsomely furnished house in upper New York one evening several months ago and five pistol bullets were sent into his body, the only clue to the shooting was a mysterious Mrs. Hazel Davis Warner—another Underworld siren.

When the editor of a New York magazine the other evening, sitting in the shadowy dimness of a motion picture theatre, was startled by a slap on his face and a screaming woman, he was dragged out into the bright lights of the theatre lobby and falsely accused—by a professional "Vamp."

And when the Prosecuting Attorney of the great city of Boston was recently put on trial for protecting criminals and being in partnership with a gang of blackmailers, the first revelation were made public of the newest methods and devices of the Underworld.

The burglar, highwayman, bank robber and "hold-up" man are all well known to the public because the police and the courts and the news papers are constantly dealing with them. But the newest and most dangerous of all—the professional Vampire—almost always eludes capture.

Professional criminals formerly worked in gangs and depended on the daring and resourcefulness of the men. But in crime, as in business, methods change. A partnership with a pretty

The housebreaker who creeps in through the bedroom window, masked and pistol in hand, takes unnecessary trouble and risk—there is a more gentle and much more certain way of stripping the mistress of the house of all her jewels. It is not necessary to snatch them at the point of a pistol; madame will gladly offer them.

The successful criminals of the Underworld's new aristocracy now work in partnership with the women of the Underworld. But these master criminals are of two very distinct groups. In one group are the professional criminals and their women confederates, who rely on their wits; in the other group are the blackmailers, who rely upon a pretty face to bait the trap.

The machinations of these gangs of blackmailers, which are now working in every large American city, mostly centre about some disreputable lawyer's office. Their plots and schemes depend upon a low cunning, which is despised by the master minds of the criminal world.

The men with whom I was associated relied upon their really brilliant intelligence and resourcefulness to swindle the victims whom I had lured to them. We worked on terms of social equality. It was my task to convince the intended victims of our reputable social and financial standing—and then my confederates matched wits with them and swindled them.

Any doll-faced little wretch can trap some men into a compromising situation and blackmail them with a confederate who rushes in, pretending to be an "injured husband."

Criminals though we were, we had souls above these sordid methods. With the blackmailers all schemes and details are much alike—with our methods of matching brains, often with really brainy victims, there was infinite variety.

In nearly every case the criminal's trap is baited with a woman. If you can recognize this woman you can escape the trap. Perhaps what I shall reveal will help the reader to discern the bait and be warned.

The rather transparent "vamp," as we see her in the movies, is outdone in the every-day activities of the vamps, the professional criminal "convincers" in real life.

And as there are endless varieties of plots and scenarios in the motion pictures, so in real life in the Underworld there are many varieties of vamps. Aside from my own enterprises I have, naturally enough, known many other women, some of whom were successful in criminal lines which did not appeal to me. Crime has its specialties like everything else. Some women followed methods which seemed contemptible to me, and which I did not find it necessary to employ.

Nobody is entirely safe from the traps of these wicked